



A MESSAGE FROM SPACE IN 1977?

One of the past mysteries that has defied an explanation is the mysterious broadcast that was made on 26th November 1977 at 5.12 pm. The 'voice from outer space' broke into a scheduled news bulletin being read by Ivor Mills on what was Southern TV. The phantom voice broadcast a message that overrode the TV signal and continued for five-and-a-half minutes.

Those who heard the broadcast, which covered southern England, were impressed by the message (which, incidentally, was never reported in full by the news media).

Within a short time, the authorities claimed that the broadcast had been a hoax. The TV authorities assumed that it was a sick joke, but they commented, "we can't imagine how it was done... It appears that someone broadcast their signal over ours. The equipment used would need to be fairly sophisticated and expensive."

It seems strange that engineers monitoring the broadcast were unaware that the TV signal had been overridden. The media claimed that a student had driven near a TV mast and hooked onto the broadcast—but there were, in fact, two transmission masts in operation at the time. Were both taken

over? In spite of the media attention, no student was ever traced.

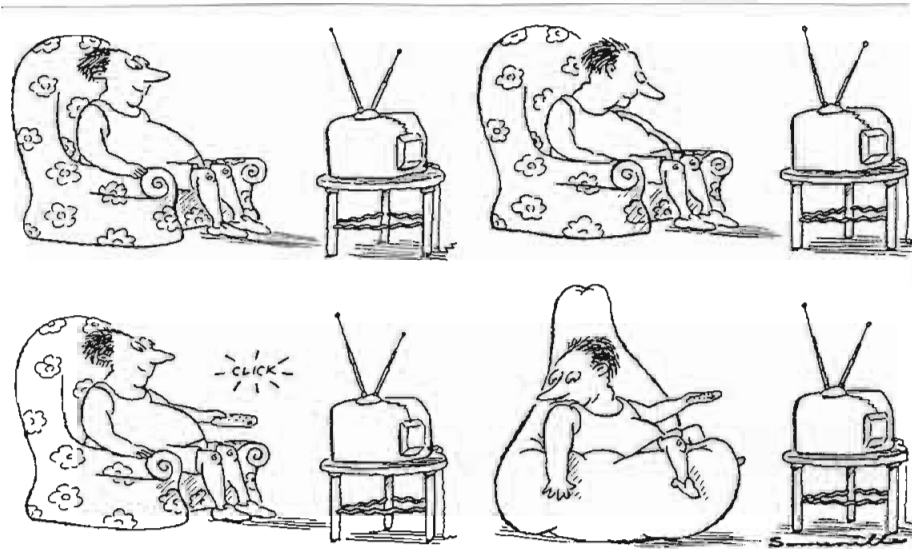
Later, a story emerged that an ITV engineer had arranged the broadcast and he had since been sacked, but the engineer was never named and, as far as is known, was never traced.

What of the message itself? According to *Viewpoint Aquarius* magazine (January 1978), they were able to listen to the full recorded broadcast at the LBC studio in London, and they claim that this is what the voice said:

"This is the voice of Gramaha, the representative of the Asta Galactic Command, speaking to you. For many years now, you have seen us as lights in the skies. We speak to you now in peace and wisdom as we have done to your brothers and sisters all over this, your planet Earth.

"We come to warn you of the destiny of your race and your worlds so that you may communicate to your fellow beings the course you must take to avoid the disasters that threaten your worlds and the beings on the worlds around you. This is in order that you may share in the 'great awakening' as the planet passes into the new Age of Aquarius.

"The new age can be a great time of peace and evolution for your race, but only if your rulers are made aware of the evil forces that can overshadow their judgments.



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"Be still now and listen, for your chance may not come again. For many years your scientists, governments and generals have not heeded our warnings. They have continued to experiment with the evil forces of what you call nuclear energy. Atom bombs can destroy the Earth and the beings of your sister worlds in a moment! The wastes from your atomic power systems will poison your planet for many thousands of your years to come. We, who have followed the path of evolution for far longer than you, have long since realised this. Atomic energy is always directed against life. It has no peaceful application. Its use, and research into its use, must be ceased at once or you all risk destruction. All weapons of evil must be removed.

"The time of conflict is now past and the race of which you are a part may proceed to the highest planes of evolution—if you show yourselves worthy to do this. You have but a short time to learn to live together in peace and goodwill. Small groups all over the planet are learning this and exist to pass on the light of the dawning new age to you all. You are free to accept or reject their teachings, but only those who learn to live in peace will pass to the higher realms of spiritual evolution.

"Hear now the voice of Gramaha, the representative of the Asta Galactic Command, speaking to you. Be aware also that there are many false prophets and guides operating on your world. They will suck your energy from you—the energy that you call money—and will put it in evil

ends, giving you worthless dross in return. Your inner divine self will protect you from this. You must learn to be sensitive to the 'voice within' that can tell you what is truth and what is confusion, chaos and untruth. Learn to listen to the voice of truth which is within you and you will lead yourselves onto the path of evolution.

"This is our message to you, our dear friends. We have watched you growing for many years, as you, too, have watched our lights in your skies. You know now that we are here and that there are more beings on and around your Earth than your scientists admit. We are deeply concerned about you and your path towards the light and we will do all we can to help you. Have no fears, seek only to know yourselves, and live in harmony with the ways of your planet Earth.

"We of the Asta Galactic Command thank you for your attention. We are now leaving the planes of your existence. May you be blessed by the supreme love and truth of the Cosmos."

[OVNI Editor's Comment: Well, was it just a student hoax or not? The message could be as relevant today as it was in 1977. Remember, this was before the disaster at Chernobyl, and haven't we just heard that Britain will not build any more atomic power stations?]

(Source: *OVNI Newsletter of the Phenomenon Research Association*, Derbyshire, UK, December 1995; phone/fax +44 (0115) 932 1837)

TRIBAL MEMORIES OF UFOs

The author of the following story is a Navaho Indian. He revealed this tribal secret which he learned from the Paiute Indians who inhabit the Great Basin and Mojave deserts of Utah, Nevada and California.

This native American, who went by the name Oga-Make, related the following account in appreciation for a story on the Navaho, which appeared in the spring of 1948 in a magazine which was carrying numerous articles on the mysterious 'signs' or 'fires' in the skies which were causing an enormous amount of confusion and debate during that same year.

The article on the Navaho nation, which appeared in an earlier issue, told of the suffering that their tribe had gone through during past winter seasons, and encouraged the readers to send goods and supplies to help them through the upcoming winter of '48-'49, which many of them did.

In appreciation of this, Oga-Make related the following 'legend' which told of the secret history of the Americas, which ran its course possibly thousands of years before white men set foot *en masse* upon its shores:

"...Most of you who read this are probably white men of a blood only a century or two out of Europe. You speak in your papers of the flying saucers or mystery ships as something new, and strangely typical of the twentieth century. How could you but think otherwise? Yet if you had red skin and were of a blood which had been born and bred of the land for untold thousands of years, you would know this is not true. You would know that your ancestors, living in these mountains and upon these prairies for numberless generations, had seen these ships before and had passed down the story in the legends which are the unwritten history of your people. You do not believe? Well, after all, why should you? But knowing your scornful unbelief, the storytellers of my people have closed their lips in bitterness against the outward flow of this knowledge.

"Yet, I have said to the storytellers this: 'Now that the ships are being seen again, is it wise that we, the elder race, keep our knowledge to ourselves?' Thus, for me, an American Indian, some of the sages among my people have talked; and, if you care to, I shall permit you to sit down with us and listen.



"Let us say that it is dusk in that strange place which you, the white man, calls Death Valley. I have passed tobacco...to the aged chief of the Paiutes who sits across a tiny fire from me and sprinkles corn meal upon the flames..."

"The old chief looked like a wrinkled mummy as he sat there puffing upon his pipe. Yet his eyes were not those of the unseeing, but eyes which seemed to look back on long trails of time. His people had held the Inyo, Panamint and Death valleys for untold centuries before the coming of the white man. Now we sat in the valley which white man named for death, but which the Paiute calls Tomesha, the Flaming Land. Here before me as I faced eastward, the Funerals (mountains forming Death Valley's eastern wall) were wrapped in purple-blue blankets about their feet while their faces were painted in scarlet. Behind me, the Panamints rose like a mile-high wall, dark against the sinking Sun."

"The old Paiute smoked my tobacco for a long time before he reverently blew the smoke to the four directions. Finally he spoke."

"You ask me if we heard of the great silver airships in the days before white man brought his wagon-trains into the land?"

"Yes, grandfather, I come seeking knowledge.' (Among all tribes of my people, "grandfather" is the term of greatest respect which one man can pay to another.)

"We, the Paiute Nation, have known of these ships for untold generations. We also believe that we know something of the people who fly them. They are called the Hav-musuv's."

"Who are the Hav-musuv's?"

"They are a people of the Panamints, and they are as ancient as Tomesha itself."

"He smiled a little at my confusion."

"You do not understand? Of course not. You are not a Paiute. Then listen closely and I will lead you back along the trail of the dim past."

"When the world was young, and this valley, which is now dry, parched desert, was a lush, hidden harbour of a blue-water sea which stretched from halfway up those mountains to the Gulf of California, it is said that the Hav-musuv's came here in huge rowing-ships. They found great caverns in the Panamints, and in them they built one of their cities. At that time California was the island which the Indians of that state told the Spanish it was, and which they marked so on their maps."

"Living in their hidden city, the Hav-musuv's ruled the sea with their fast rowing-ships, trading with faraway peoples and bringing strange goods to the great quays said still to exist in the caverns."

"Then, as untold centuries rolled past, the climate began to change. The water in the lake went down until there was no longer a way to the sea. First the way was broken only by the southern mountains, over the tops of which goods could be carried. But as time went by, the water continued to shrink until the day came when only a dry crust was all that remained of the great blue lake. Then the desert came, and the Fire God began to walk across Tomesha, the Flaming Land."

"When the Hav-musuv's could no longer use their great rowing-ships, they began to think of other means to reach the world beyond. I suppose that is how it happened. We know that they began to use flying canoes. At first they were not large, these silvery ships with wings. They moved with a slight whirring sound, and a dipping movement like an eagle."

"The passing centuries brought other changes. Tribe after tribe swept across the land, fighting to possess it for a while and passing like the storm of sand. In their mountain city, still in the caverns, the Hav-musuv's dwelt in peace, far removed from the conflict. Sometimes they were seen in the distance in their flying ships or riding on the snowy-white animals which took them from ledge to ledge up the cliffs. We have never seen these strange animals at any other place. To these people, the passing centuries brought only larger and larger

ships, moving always more silently.'

"Have you ever seen a Hav-musuv?"

"No, but we have many stories of them. There are reasons why one does not become too curious."

"Reasons?"

"Yes. These strange people have weapons. One is a small tube which stuns one with a prickly feeling like a rain of cactus needles. One cannot move for hours, and during this time the mysterious ones vanish up the cliffs. The other weapon is deadly. It is a long, silvery tube. When this is pointed at you, death follows immediately."

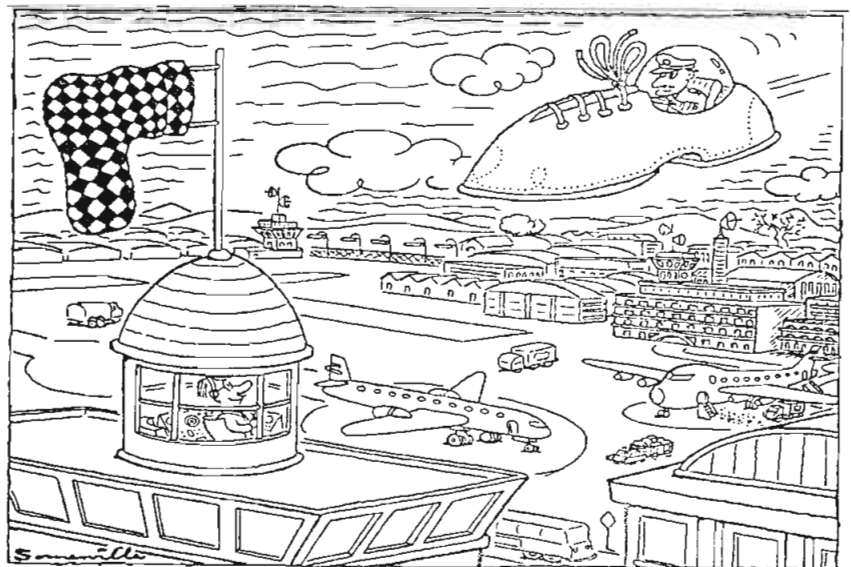
"But tell me about these people. What do they look like and how do they dress?"

"They are a beautiful people. Their skin is a golden tint, and a headband holds back their long dark hair. They dress always in a white fine-spun garment which wraps around them and is draped upon one shoulder. Pale sandals are worn upon their feet..."

"His voice trailed away in a puff of smoke. The purple shadows rising up the walls of the Funerals splashed like the waves of the ghost lake. The old man seemed to have fallen into a sort of trance, but I had one more question."

"Has any Paiute ever spoken to a Hav-musuv, or were the Paiutes here when the great rowing-ships first appeared?"

"For some moments I wondered if he had heard me. Yet, as is our custom, I waited patiently for the answer. Again he went through the ritual of the smoke-breathing to the four directions, and then his soft voice continued:



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"Yes. Once in the not-so-distant past, but yet many generations before the coming of the Spanish, a Paiute chief lost his bride by sudden death. In his great and overwhelming grief, he thought of the Hav-musuvv and their long tube of death. He wished to join her, so he bade farewell to his sorrowing people and set off to find the Hav-musuvv. None appeared until the chief began to climb the almost unscaleable Panamints. Then one of the men in white appeared suddenly before him with the long tube, and motioned him back. The chief made signs that he wished to die, and came on. The man in white made a long singing whistle, and other Hav-musuvv appeared. They spoke together in a strange tongue and then regarded the chief thoughtfully. Finally they made signs to him, making him understand that they would take him with them.

"Many weeks after his people had mourned him for dead, the Paiute chief came back to his camp. He said he had been in the giant underground valley of the Hav-musuvv, where white lights, which burn night and day and never go out or need any fuel, lit an ancient city of marble

beauty. There he learned the language and the history of the mysterious people, giving them in turn the language and legends of the Paiutes. He said that he would have liked to remain there forever in the peace and beauty of their life, but they bade him return and use his new knowledge for his people.'

"I could not help but ask the inevitable.

"Do you believe this story of the chief?"

"His eyes studied the wisps of smoke for some minutes before he answered.

"I do not know. When a man is lost in Tomesha, and the Fire God is walking across the salt crust, strange dreams like clouds fog through his mind. No man can breathe the hot breath of the Fire God and long remain sane. Of course, the Paiutes have thought of this. No people knows the moods of Tomesha better than they.

"You asked me to tell you the legend of the flying ships. I have told you what the young men of the tribe do not know, for they no longer listen to the stories of the past. Now you ask me if I believe. I answer this.

"Turn around. Look behind you at that wall of the Panamints. How many giant

caverns could open there, being hidden by the lights and shadows of the rocks? How many could open outward or inward and never be seen behind the arrow-like pinnacles before them? How many ships could swoop down like an eagle from the beyond on summer nights when the fires of the furnace-sands have closed away the valley from the eyes of the white man? How many Hav-musuvv could live in their eternal peace away from the noise of white man's guns in their unscaleable stronghold?

"This has always been a land of mystery. Nothing can change that. Not even white man with his flying engines, for should they come too close to the wall of the Panamints, a sharp wind like the flying arrow can shear off a wing. Tomesha hides its secrets well even in winter, but no man can pry into them when the Fire God draws the hot veil of his breath across the passes.

"I must still answer your question with my mind in doubt, for we speak of a weird land. White man does not yet know it as well as the Paiutes, and we have ever held it in awe. It is still the forbidden Tomesha, Land of the Flaming Earth."

(Source: *FATE* magazine, September 1949)